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CONTENTS.

PLAYING WITH POWER,
A Story of Modern Hypnotism.....
.....HUDOR GENONE

PRACTICAL ASTROLOGY:
Its Uses and Abuses.....URANUS

BOOK REVIEWS.
In Tune with the Infinite.

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PLAYING WITH POWER:

A STORY OF MODERN HYPNOTISM.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

MY name is August Augström, by birth an Alsatian, by profession a medical man. What I have to say is said seriously, with no thought or wish either to create mystery or excite amazement, and I beg of you,—all who care to read what I have written,—to believe me when I say, as I do say, on the honor of a man and a gentleman, that in my narrative I have related only what actually occurred, what will in due time be amply verified,—all of it becoming before long, as I believe, the common knowledge and inestimable inheritance of the world.

So strange is the substance of what I am about to write, and so extraordinary the conclusions forced upon the mind by the facts of my narrative, that I feel this caution to be necessary, not so much for the casual reader as for the student of

moral science, to whom, above all others, I appeal.

In my practice as a physician and surgeon, I had better fortune than most young men. I married young and my wife proved to be by no means the least of my helpers. But my domestic affairs do not concern the reader; suffice it that I managed to lay aside year after year a large part of my income. This, being invested, soon increased to a respectable sum. Among the more remunerative of the projects into which I entered was a chemical company organized for the exploitation of certain patents. The chief stockholder in this company, and for a long time its president, was a man somewhat my senior, Harvey Dubois, with whom I contracted a life-long friendship. We had married about the same time, and our families were on terms of the warmest intimacy. My eldest daughter, Elsie, was twenty when the incidents I shall relate occurred; his eldest daughter being then eighteen.

It is this young woman who would no doubt have been the heroine, if I had concluded to construct a romance. Her name was Kaleida, a fanciful designation derived from the Greek¹ and which fittingly

1. From the same derivation as our word kaleidoscope.

describes her as beautiful. Kaleida was not only beautiful, but also of a lovely disposition and intellectually very bright. As a matter of course, with all these attractions, in addition to her father's more than ample fortune, she had many suitors, none of whom she favored until, as such things happen, a certain young man appeared, when it was "love at first sight" with both.

Everyone was satisfied with the engagement,—everyone, at least, who had any right to say or preference,—but there was one with no right to either who, notwithstanding, was not pleased. Roy Battle, the favored suitor, had a rival in Dr. Guy Sophius, a man presentable enough, of perhaps twice the years of young Battle, and, I think it safe to say, of many times his ability. To be truthful, Roy was not by any means what you Americans—or perhaps I should say we Americans—call "a smart man." But, as I heard one of my friends say, he was what is perhaps better, an "exemplary young man." He never drank, smoked, gambled, went to races or anything of that sort; although how he amused himself—till he met Kaleida—the saints know, not I.

Sophius was a man I had always liked. He had been employed for years in the

chemical works, starting at the humble end of success and working up until—well versed in all branches of practical chemics—he chose to take a course of medicine and surgery. After graduation and some routine work at the hospital and clinic, he set up practice for himself and soon had all he could attend to. Now, although I have been frank and called him a rival of young Battle, no one, among his acquaintances would have thought him such. Few, I am sure, dreamed that, after the engagement was announced, he continued to cherish his desires. Yet he visited Kaleida, was not too profuse in his proffers of friendship, and above all, as evincing his reconciliation, kept on the very best of terms with Roy Battle.

The Dubois family were in the habit of renting, year after year, one of those pleasant cottages attached to the Pequod House, on Long Island Sound, and last summer was spent there as usual. In August, my daughter Elsie visited them and wrote to her mother (and sometimes to me) how happy was Kaleida, how devoted her betrothed, and—incidentally—how fully reconciled Dr. Sophius.

I think it was about the middle of the month that she wrote in a somewhat different vein: Poor Roy had lately

suffered so much from neuralgia; at least Dr. Sophius had called it that—a severe pain in his head. When the attacks first came on, the doctor called it stomach trouble; but later he recommended that Roy should return with him to the city for special examination. Elsie thought at first that Dr. Sophius believed Roy's trouble arose from his eyes; but afterwards she had understood the diagnosis to be neuralgia.

I remember distinctly that Elsie wrote how gentle and patient and considerate Roy always was—never complaining, and going out continually with Kaleida, riding and driving, or to the hops at the hotel, even when it appeared that he was suffering most acutely.

“He has the sweetest disposition,” Elsie wrote, “that I ever knew in a man.”

My daughter's views amply corroborated my own, founded upon an acquaintance of a number of years, and it was therefore to my great astonishment that at our next interview the young man developed qualities the very reverse of amiable. This happened one Sunday afternoon in the last week of September at my own office. We dined at two on Sundays. That day I had finished dinner, and gone to my office, when hearing the door-

bell ring, I happened to glance out of the window, and saw Miss Dubois with her betrothed at the door. Believing that the call was purely social, I returned at once to my desk, giving the matter no further thought till, in perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, I heard footsteps—rather hasty footsteps—outside my door, and immediately afterward a peremptory knock. I said "Come in," the door opened, and Roy Battle entered.

His face was flushed, his hair disordered, his manner nervous and excited. My first thought was that he had been drinking; but in this I was in error.

"Doctor," he burst out vehemently, "I want to ask you a plain question: Has a lady engaged to be married to one man any moral right to accept the attentions of another man?"

"Decidedly not," I answered.

"There," said he, "that settles it. Either Miss Dubois gives up at once and forever all association,—all acquaintance, even,—with that scoundrel Sophius, or our engagement is at an end."

The substance of a conversation beginning in this fashion may be imagined; Roy was insanely jealous and furiously angry,—both, I then felt and afterwards knew, absolutely without cause, so far at

least as Sophius' outward demeanor toward Kaleida was concerned. And as for Kaleida herself, the poor girl was completely heartbroken.

Before the snow fell, the engagement was at an end. The act was Roy's and his only, as was all the fault. He broke it abruptly, violently, insultingly. I heard all the particulars from Kaleida's own lips—she, poor child, overwhelmed with a grief she was too ingenuous to hide from those she loved.

"She loves him still," Elsie told me, "loves him devotedly."

And I was sure this was so; that hers was the sort of love to survive all doubt, distrust, keen injustice, even perhaps (for so some sweet minds are made) gross and deep dishonor.

In the end it came to that, for Roy Battle. From time to time we heard of him, as engaged in unseemly altercations, sometimes at his club, once even in the very church itself where for years he had attended. Then—I read it first in the morning paper one day in midwinter—he was arrested for a desperate attack upon a companion and held for trial without bail in the Tombs police court.

My friend Dubois and I went directly to that gloomy Egyptian edifice with

offers of help; but he would have none of ours, repulsing us both, at first sullenly, and, when we urged, defiantly,—even taunting Dubois with being a hypocrite and in league with all his enemies.

I need not linger over the unpleasant details of the events that followed; at the March term of the criminal court, Roy was tried for assault with intent to kill, found guilty and sentenced to serve a term in the penitentiary. From first to last, he kept to his mood; periods of sullen silence alternating with tempests of malignant fury.

All this, I confess, filled me with more disgust than pity. My friend Dubois expressed more than once the latter emotion; my daughter said there was something inexplicably strange about the case, but Kaleida's silent, undemonstrative grief was more than pitiable.

One day I was called to attend a patient whom I found suffering from a nervous disorder, which, not yielding readily to my treatment, I called in for consultation young Dr. Sophius, who had become widely known as a specialist in this class of disorders.

On our way home from the patient's house, our conversation turned naturally to the esoteric or philosophical aspect of

this class of disorders. I remember comparing the case at hand to some others, and then suggested, off-hand, and without any definite purpose or matured thought concerning it, that possibly Roy Battle's infirmity, supposed to be solely moral, or immoral, might be a purely psychical affliction, for which, perhaps he ought not to be held accountable.

What there was in Sophius' manner of replying to arouse suspicion I do not know. It was a something,—a tone, an inflection, a gesture, a look. He altogether denied the possibility of this lenient view of Roy's actions; he claimed to be friendly to the young man and to deplore his unfortunate condition, but absolutely declined to regard him in any other light than that of a criminal, one justly punished for (as he phrased it) "conscious and responsible brutality."

That something, in tone, gesture, or mannerism was by this phrase so intensified that, at the first convenient excuse, I parted from Sophius, and,—perhaps led thereto by a certain instinct,—went directly to my friend Dubois' house.

"Do not let us allude to that young man again," he said when I uttered young Battle's name. "He has been the cause of so much misery to me and mine that I

should be glad if his very memory could be expunged from that curious form-preserver, the brain."

I had come there to talk of Roy, and was not to be thus easily thwarted; but my persistence (for I did persist) was not taken in good part, and when I made mention of Sophius and coupled his name with that vague and nameless misgiving, Dubois, highly irritated, refused to listen. For the first time in our long friendship, he showed anger toward me.

At best I am not a very patient man, and the unreasonable anger of a friend is very hard indeed to bear. I answered a trifle hotly; but what he next had to say silenced, nay, confounded me; it was that Sophius, with Dubois' cordial consent, had proposed to his daughter Kaleida and been accepted.

"If that be the case," I told Dubois bluntly, "of course I have no more to say except," I added, now or never neither of you need look for congratulations from me. With that for Parthian shot I took myself away, vexed and indignant.

My indignation was increased ten-fold that evening when I told Elsie of what had happened, and she—finding that I knew—admitted her own knowledge. Yes, Sophius had won a reluctant, unwilling

acquiescence to his suit; his wily, sinuous, subtle, slow advances had achieved the sort of success that is the serpent's—he had not won, nor captured, nor cajoled, but fascinated his victim.

The marriage day was even fixed, for the first day of June,—and it was then mid-April. I was satisfied that there was foul work somewhere, but to place it, to trace it, to reveal it; that at first seemed hopeless.

And yet it was not hopeless.

I pass over, as of no importance in a plain, straightforward statement of facts (though perhaps of much import to the romancer) one interview I had with Kaleida and Sophius before my purpose took definite shape. I saw them together, and if ever I saw exultant malice I saw it in that man; if ever there was on this earth reluctant yielding to fate it was the girl's.

In pursuance of my purpose, I visited Roy in the Blackwell's Island penitentiary, where he was serving out his sentence. The discoveries I then made, as much, I confess, due to what may be called happy accident as to my own acumen, led finally to the results which will appear later. Right here I wish to say that these discoveries, credited for the sake of

humility to "accident," were in my humble opinion solely the outcome of that supreme form of consciousness, to be called perhaps for want of a better and more expressive word,—attention. I have studied all my life the art of observation, of keeping my faculties alive, the ears and eyes of my mind open to the full influence of all impression, and so it happened that I saw things which less alert minds might have passed by as of no importance.

From this examination, I went at once to the counsel Roy had employed at his trial, and then with him to the District attorney. The statements I had to make were of so extraordinary a character that I hardly blame and certainly do not wonder at the reluctance of this official to coöperate with me in further investigations.

However, his incredulity as to my facts and his suspicion as to my sanity were both overcome; I was provided with all necessary letters empowering me to act, and in no more than two days I had provided an array of proof so convincing that the officers of the law, the physicians under whose immediate care Roy Battle was, the judge who had presided at Roy's trial, (though he had charged the jury so strongly against him that they had no

alternative but to convict) and lastly the very victim of the assault for which the young man had been sentenced, although a life-long cripple, all united in an earnest petition to the governor of the state for Roy's pardon.

As to how this was brought to pass it might in abler hands than mine (as I have hinted) be made startlingly dramatic. The romancer might, perhaps, depict the joy of Kaleida, the astonishment, disgust and indignation of Dubois, and above all the frenzy of baffled lust and malice which Sophius displayed when the revelation came. His was the crime and his the punishment,—a penalty not inflicted by court, nor by any minion of earthly law; but by a surer power that works secretly and in the silence and darkness, but never ineffectually, the penalty of the self-inflicted judgment whose talesmen are never at odds, never cajoled, never bribed,—who are not mere jurors of the facts, but the facts themselves.

Confronted at last by the indubitable proof of his villany furnished by certain Roentgen ombregraphs (as I no doubt improperly call them) and by the testimony, gotten dextrously by one of the city's detectives, of Sophius' own office assistant, the schemer broke down.

"Prosecute me," he said, "and I will fight the case to the bitter end,—but leave me free, and I will go my way far from this city and will moreover tell all,—of how practically I achieved the result which was so successful for a time, and, but for you, might have continued so."

In the end we consented, although, as may be imagined, with great reluctance. The district attorney advised that at the utmost only a charge of mayhem would hold, and that this probably, in the hands of cunning counsel, might be transferred into a case of simple malpractice.

When Sophius received the necessary assurances, he made the following deposition. The statement is somewhat incoherent; not scientific enough for the specialist, nor lucid enough for the casual citizen, but it explains more clearly than I could:

"CITY AND COUNTY {
OF NEW YORK. } ss.

"Guy Sophius, being duly sworn, deposes and says: I am by profession a chemist, analytical and synthetic, a surgeon and doctor of medicine. In August, 1896, while at the Pequod House, Mr. Roy Battle consulted me, not exactly professionally but in a friendly way, as to a slight trouble in his head. The diagnosis was

(in plain English) stomach trouble, the prognosis relief within a week at latest, as the result of mild remedies which I might have prescribed; but (for my own reasons) did not. On the contrary I advised him that the difficulty might be from his eyes and it might be due to neuralgia, but that a thorough examination in either case was essential. To that ostensible end, I induced Battle to come to my office in New York. Once there, all else was easy. I had diligently prepared myself for what followed. I put Battle at once under the influence of an anæsthetic, and as soon as he became unconscious I began operations.

“I used a trephine, one of my own invention and make,—carefully made an incision in the *dura mater*, and then, at angles calculated beforehand with the utmost precision, inserted a silver spring, shaped similarly to the wish-bone of a fowl, but exceedingly slender, the one prong or end pressing slantingly downward and toward the *sulcus occipitalis exterior*, the other laterally in the direction of the first frontal fissure in the frontal lobe, all on the left side, to the rear of and somewhat above the ear. A physicist who is not also a psychologist is foredoomed to failure. I had made a profound study of psychology,

even more profound than of surgery. I did not fail. I knew, in a general way, that the seat of the selfish passions was in the lower parietal and temporal regions; more, that from closer scrutiny than most men care to give, from exhaustive studies in vivisection, and from experiment conducted with most rigid accuracy, I knew the precise position of the organs commonly indentified with combativeness and destructiveness.

“What Meynert, Wernicke, Wundt, Ferrier, Hermann and others have done for the voluntary and involuntary motor tracts, their cortices in the two hemispheres and their connection with the great ganglia, I had done, in the satisfaction of my knowledge-hunger for the passions and emotions. I had taken the stupid and vulgar alchemy of phrenology and created out of its amorphous crudities a genuine crystal of science. In the senate of the brain (for it is a legislature, not a monarch) I had located the seats of the senators.

“When Mr. Roy Battle took his place in my operating chair, he was a natural man; when he arose from it at the end of two hours under the influence of anæsthetics, he was an unnatural man; at the beginning he was a mild, benevolent, kindly gentleman; I inoculated

him with the very virus of brutality, and at the last he became a brute, subjected to my will. What evolution through long ages has done for the tiger and the serpent, I did for him in those two hours. I gave him the elements of the tiger's brain and the incipient fangs of the cobra.

"The constant, insidious pressure of the slender silver spring on the selected brain centers, excited the lower passions unnaturally, uncontrollably,—and should continue exciting them while I willed. Playing at any distance upon the man's brain by thought vibration, acting through this marvellously delicate and accurate tuning fork, the transformation of the man into the brute was, henceforth, a matter entirely and always at my command.

"I watched his return to consciousness with feverish impatience; not that I doubted the effect of my operation, but hoping, before he left me, to see for myself some evidence, however slight, of the hideous change that my will,—more powerful than what he would have called in his puerile fashion the will of God,—had effected.

"I was not disappointed. Before he left me he gave all the evidence I needed,—showed, in his hasty, nervous manner, in the quickness of his stride as he walked up and down my room, in the rapidity of his

speech, and in a certain restless rolling of the eye, that I had been successful; that the science of one man had been more than a match for the foreordained election to grace of all the gods. It was Tartarus against Olympus, Gehenna against Paradise, Man against Jehovah,—and Man had won.

“I asked him kindly (such kindness!) if he felt pain; he looked at me fixedly, said impatiently, ‘No; why do you ask?’ and then, not waiting for any answer, added: ‘I am going now; good day,’ and, not offering his hand, went directly away. I looked out of the window and saw him striding up the street, and I knew that I had won; it was only a question of time when I should finely fool those who did not know my power, and who even yet will not credit it to me.

—GUY SOPHIUS.

“Subscribed and sworn to before me
this — day of July, 1897.

A. BENSON, Notary Public.”

What do you think of that for a legal document, my reader? What do you, in the light of probability, think of it as a statement of fact? Doubtless you think as others have thought and as I also might have thought if in ignorance,—that it was the emanation of a mind insane from malice or morbid from disease, or that much learning had made him mad. But I was

not in ignorance; ill-worded as a law paper, inexact as a scientific thesis, too involved and obscure to be easily comprehended by those not versed in the sciences, I yet knew it to be true. There was the evidence of the cathode ombregraph, whereon was depicted plainly the fatal two-pronged silver spring.

What better ending to a novel than this—the sworn confession of the scoundrel, the governor's pardon for the hero in his lady's hands, deliverance for the lover, maid and lover reunited!

Yet wait, and I will show you a better climax, at least, one more veritable. And to my mind, that which is true must be best.

* * * * *

In the judge's room at the court sat Kaleida and her father; the girl in an agony of contending fears and hopes. It was ended at last—Sophius had confessed, the pardon lay in the girl's limp grasp. What should she do? Fly, as the instinct of her heart bade, across the river to the vast gray pile that held the one she loved? Yes, she alone must be the one to bear the message of pardon.

Sophius had written down the last word and signed the paper that made him thenceforth a self-confessed pariah among

the race he disgraced. Now, rising from this task, the sole measure of a forced atonement, he spoke, asking one last and only favor—to bid adieu to the woman he had so foully wronged. His voice was husky, his tone that of penitence, his abject bankruptcy of character itself a plea for charity. I took the word myself to Kaleida. She acquiesced and they met. In measured words, cold and courteous, he said what he had to say—his devotion, which he claimed as some palliation; his relinquishment of all he held dear, not only (so he spoke) by force of circumstances, but of his own free will and gladly. He would now, he said, take his leave forever of her, of the city of his affection, and perhaps soon enough of this life also, as unbearable to one thwarted by good and evil alike. Had he been honest, this scene would have been pathetic.

Kaleida listened, moved at the last to tears. When he had finished, with wet eyes she held her hand to him, not speaking. Sophius bent over it, kissed it passionately, turned and left the room, and that was the last either of us ever saw of him.

“And now, daughter,” said Dubois with a sigh of relief, “now I suppose it will be your wish to go at once to Roy.”

Who could have doubted that? Who would not have wished that these two, so strangely, so marvellously parted, might soon be reunited?

But was a reunion possible? Could the malevolence of one be overcome by all the science of the world? I confess doubt filled my very soul. I knew,—so many months having elapsed,—the skull bone of the trepan must have already effected a firm juncture with its surroundings; it must long since have ossified at the juncture. The abnormal character foisted upon Roy Battle by the departed miscreant was his now for all that was left of his natural life. While he lived, I could foresee nothing for him but a life of brutish misery. I could hardly doubt that, even if Kaleida went to him, avowing her constancy and love, perhaps pleading with him for forgiveness that she had hidden it so long,—I could hardly doubt that the distortion of his mind would cause him to spurn her from him.

Dare I tell this confiding maid all that I felt and feared? There she stood by her father's side, eager to be away, to bear to him she loved the pardon that was hers to give. My duty was plain; before we went to Roy I must tell her my fears, and so, in as few and tender words as possible,

I told her all. She listened placidly, never once interrupting, and, when I had concluded, said without a quaver of doubt: "I will go to him now; I am sure when he understands he will be changed. The heart, Uncle August, (it was so she always addressed me) the heart is surer than the head; you tell me that his brain has been changed; but then, you see, the heart cannot change. Let us go to him now, please."

An hour later, in the visitors' room, in the presence, as the rules required, of a much astonished keeper, Mr. Dubois and I met Roy Battle. At once, concealing nothing, evading nothing, I told Roy all the facts, read to him the amazing deposition of Sophius, related in detail my own part in the affair and showed the ombre-graph, mute but graphic confirmer of my recital.

Roy put up his hand to the left side of his head in a pitiful, weary way.

"Yes," he said, half dreamily, "I remember it all; I was in his office and awoke from a sort of trance. It was then I felt something changed here," he tapped his head, "a difference, a dull sensation, not at all like pain. There was a bandage, I remember, and an odor, and I was told to keep the bandage on for some

days. Yes, I remember all that. Can it be possible—possible!" he muttered.

"Yes," I said; "not only possible, but certain."

"The pardon; you spoke of a pardon. What of that?"

I looked at my friend Dubois.

"The pardon," said he, "the pardon, Roy, has come."

"Well," he asked impatiently, "where is it? Why is it not produced? Why am I not set free instantly? I demand to know. Why do you stare at me so?"

His eyes blazed, his fist clinched, he moved a step towards Dubois; then stopped, his eyes filled with tears, his lips quivering.

"I forget," he said in a low tone; "give me the pardon, I beg of you."

Dubois stepped back and spoke to the attending keeper, who opened the door. Kaleida stood there.

Roy started. "What!" he exclaimed; then checked himself. "The pardon," he whispered, almost humbly, "the pardon."

When Kaleida gave it to him he took it from her almost ravenously. He read it through with feverish haste, and then, dashing down the paper, glared from one to the other, his expression that of a wild beast unleashed. With the fine instinct

of womanhood, undaunted by a ferocity whose fatal cause she knew, Kaleida went close to him and laid her hand upon his tremulous arm.

"Roy," she said, "I want you to listen to me, will you?"

"Yes," he replied quietly, "of course I will listen."

"The doctor, our dear good friend Dr. Augström, and papa, and all who know about what has happened, of what parted us, Roy, last year,—they all say it was no fault at all of yours—"

"I know that," he interrupted; "I know that already."

"No fault of yours, Roy," Kaleida continued, disregarding his ejaculation, "but the fault, the crime, the cruel, dreadful crime of that man—"

"Do not name him!" exclaimed Roy passionately. "Ah, how I love a pardon! I love it, I love it! Shall I tell you why? It is because it will bring me within reach of him at last. Vengeance! I shall live for it. I shall kill him! I shall, I swear it! He may think he can hide from me—never! I swear here and now to take vengeance for that crime."

"Roy," said Kaleida softly, "there is a better vengeance than that. Don't you remember, dear Roy, when you yourself

in the old days taught me that better way?"

His manner softened.

"Yes," he said, "I remember."

"And now," she continued, "I want you to hear all I have to say. We did love each other, Roy. Since then you have said you no longer loved me; but now I know it was not you that said it, but the cruel crime of another. Do not forget this, Roy: I have always loved you; I love you now. Will you let me?"

"Will I let you—let you love me? Darling, it is not for you to ask, but for me. I beg you to forgive—ah, can you forgive me?"

"For you, dear Roy," she answered, "there need be no forgiving; for you there is nothing to forgive. It is the cruel crime that hurt—that sinned, not you. You said just now you loved the pardon; do you love it better than you do me?"

She came close to him, looking up into his face pleadingly.

"No," he said, "I love you best."

"Then will you do as I want you,—to remember now and always that the sin and passion of the past year were not your own,—they all tell me there is no hope that any surgical operation can take away the dreadful cause. Remember in

the old days when we studied the Bible together we read 'As by one man sin entered into the world and death by sin,'—how glad we were for that promise of a Redeemer. Roy, he—the Christ—the Saviour of men, said that heaven's kingdom is within. Your only hope now is in him—the God in you, can surely conquer the evil. The conquest of crime, not vengeance on any criminal, is the meaning of the word of God in the hearts of men. Oh! you will try, will you not, Roy, for my sake?"

Roy bent his head, his eyes full of tears.

"Do you understand me, Roy?" she asked. "Do you fully understand all your trouble?"

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I understand, and by God's help I will conquer my evil. If I did not understand, it would be hopeless, but as it is I feel sure. It will take time, darling," he added, "and it will be only when I know that the power of evil is conquered that you shall see me again. When I leave this place it must be for a long time to go my way alone."

So that day these two who loved each other so devotedly said "good bye."

I believed it would be for many a year, if not for all their lives; I believed it because I knew the violence of Roy's insidi-

ous passion, the malignancy of his mental disease, and now because I understood fully the nature of the physical conditions that made him what he was.

I confess, too, that (although nominally a Christian) I entertained a feeling of some contempt for what the Church called "God's grace." But yet I hoped, knowing also that the influence of love is the divinest work that life can kindle in the brain. Love conquers all.

My hope, not unjustly founded, was yet long delayed. From time to time, for the next two years, I heard through Kaleida of Roy Battle. From the prison doors he had gone to California, thence to China, and from there to South Africa. His letters, Kaleida said, were all full of promise, of will, of determination; he would return, he told her, only when he had surely and forever "overcome the world."

Last month, Roy returned to America; when he came—as he did almost immediately—to my house, I hardly recognized in the bronzed and bearded man the haggard being of the year before. The olden vulpine look in his eyes had given place to one frank and placid, and the former scowl and sneer on forehead and lips had gone altogether. He was changed.

Of his adventures, culminating with the famous ride of Jameson into the Transvaal, I need not tell, except that this and other excitements had been sought deliberately for trial and test of the change, of the self-conquest.

Roy told me with great frankness all the details of the two years' struggle, of the agony at first, the bliss of success, and the continually decreasing power of the satanic spring, ceaselessly at work urging him to sin.

Now, at last this terrible enemy is conquered. He has overcome more than most men would dare to confront. The higher will, inspired, stimulated and strengthened by *Love*, has triumphed over the satanic ingenuity of the scientist who had sold his soul to compass his fellow's destruction.

He calls the work "God's grace." Others, friends of mine, give the result in each case a different name; but however variant the speech, the ideas of all these are identical, to be reduced to the common denominator of the two words—Human Will, in its noblest motive and highest expression, the fulfilling of the law,—“God's grace,” if that phrase pleases best.

Practical Astrology.

Astrology is the oldest of the sciences. It was well known to the Chaldeans and Babylonians,—better known to them, perhaps, than to us. We are chiefly indebted to the early Greeks for what we possess of ancient astrology. The records which have come down to us are imperfect and fragmentary; but experience has enabled us to correct many errors, and to adapt it to modern life and thought.

It has been found that every planet of the solar system (sun and moon included) exerts a certain influence on the earth's atmosphere, and through it affects everything upon the earth. We have chiefly to do with the effect on the human race generally, and on the individual human, in particular.

When we know the influence exerted by the planets singly, at a certain time, upon a certain individual, it only remains to ascertain their relative powers and combined effects, and we have the force dominating the individual, at that time.

Upon the nature of a new-born infant, is imprinted, with its first breath, the brand of the forces that moment ruling. To them it belongs, for good or for ill. So potent is their power, so unyielding their grasp, that they form the character and control the future of the child, unless he controls these influences.

Some writers hold that the individuality of the child is not formed at the moment of birth; that it already exists and that this particular child could not be born under other conditions. Be this as it may, the result is the same, as far as astrology is concerned. The planetary positions at the time of birth reveal, to one who can interpret them, the character of the child, and, in a general way, its earthly destiny.

This outlines, briefly and barely, the principles on which astrology is founded. We have not space here for

argument on our premises; we can only affirm that experience proves their truth. However, it ought not to be difficult to believe that the forces exerted by the great bodies of the solar system on each other, extend to the beings who inhabit them.

Some object to astrology on the ground that it is not an exact science. Since we have but one exact science—mathematics—this is not a valid objection. Astrology is exact in essentials. It defines with mathematical precision the planetary forces. The astrologer uses the figures of the National Observatory in locating the planets. Beyond this, all depends on the understanding and judgment of the astrologer in determining the comparative strength of every planet according to its position. For a planet has a different influence in every one of the twelve signs of the zodiac; and the power of each, for good or ill, is materially affected, by its position relative to every other. To give due consideration to all of these forces and balance them accurately, makes astrology the most difficult of the sciences.

In forecasting events, astrology has been much perverted. This accounts for its ill repute, and for the fact that it is often confounded with fortune-telling in the public mind. The conscientious astrologer never attempts to predict what will happen. If he should do so, he would have to leave his domain and encroach on that of the seer. Astrology only shows what the planetary influences are, and the tendencies they indicate. Man, through free will, may avoid them, or mitigate their effect, to a greater or less extent, if he understands them. For instance, if he knows that his system is liable to a feverish attack during a certain period, he may entirely counteract it by passing the time quietly in a cool, healthful place. If it were a probable business loss, with caution he might avoid it.

For the occult student, astrology has a special message. It will point out to him what he has to overcome, what he has to hope for, when he may expect greatest attainment, and when he must fortify his mind and soul against depressing influences.

For children and young people, astrology is most valuable. It shows the mental and physical endowments, and is a sure guide toward their most congenial and fortunate occupations and their rightful spheres in life.

The astrologer's work is all based on the horoscope, which is a map showing the geocentric positions of the bodies of the solar system at the time of birth. The exact hour and minute of birth is usually required; but I have found that the day and year only will serve for most purposes, though the exact time is desirable.

Predicting requires a separate calculation for every year of life, and that, as well as the delineation of character, is founded on the horoscope, or map of the nativity.

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Book Reviews.

Ralph Waldo Trine's second book **IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE.** follows close on the first, "What All the World's A-Seeking," and more than bears out the brilliant promise of that volume. He sets forth with simplicity and clearness the application to practical life of those spiritual laws which make for fullness of peace, power and plenty. The keynote of the book is found in the assertion that "the mental attitude we take toward anything determines to a greater or less extent its effects upon us." Disease and suffering are shown to result from violation of law; happiness, power and plenty are shown to result from obedience to the law. "To be at one with God," he rightly says, "is to be at peace." Fear and worry are too expensive for any person to entertain. Happiness and prosperity are not only concomitants of righteousness,—living in harmony with the higher laws, but so also is bodily health. The saying of the

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Mortality is not permanent. Like evil or ignorance it will vanish when the sun of immortality awakes the vibrations of eternal life. John says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." There is one thing certain, our bodies will not be subject to matter, and will be altogether subject to our own thought. A bird doesn't look like an egg. The immortal body will not be like the mortal egg.—*T. J. Shelton in Christian.*

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